

BATMAN
No. 25

OCT...NOV.
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN
DC
PUBLICATION
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BAT MAN

ARE TWO VILLAINS
BETTER THAN ONE?

JOKER AND PENGUIN
GET TOGETHER
IN THIS ISSUE!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



BOB KANE

Deed of Partnership PART I

IT IS KNOWN TO ALL AND SUNDRY THAT THE PENGUIN, HERINAFTER DESIGNATED AS THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART, DOES AGREE TO ENTER INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH THE JOKER, HENCEFORTH DESCRIBED AS THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART, FOR THE JOINT PURPOSE OF ROBBING, PLUNDERING, SPOILING AND OTHERWISE LOOTING THE CITY OF GOTHAM BY VARIOUS AND SUNDRY INGENIOUS DEVICES.

IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED THAT ALL ENMITY BE SET ASIDE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTIES UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN BE LAID BY THE HEELS, IT BEING UNDERSTOOD SAID BATMAN AND ROBIN CONSTITUTE THE CHEAP BARRIER TO THE SUCCESS OF THE PROPOSED ENTERPRISE.

SIGNED *The Penguin*
SIGNED *The Joker*



NESTLED AMONGST THE ROLLING SLOPES OF GOTHAM'S SUBURBS LIES THE HOME OF THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN,
MRS. VAN LANDORPPIE...



WHAT A SERENE AND TRANQUIL PICTURE ---

BUT WAIT---!
DEAR ME -- TO THINK THAT ONE OF MY INTELLECT SHOULD WALK INTO SUCH A TRAP. HASTE IS MY ONLY RESOURCE NOW !



NO--YOU ARE NOT DECEIVED, IT IS INDEED THE PENGUIN, THAT GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL-OMEN !

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ! WILL THOSE TWO NEVER CEASE TO HAUNT MY WAKING MOMENTS ?



HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US NOW, BATMAN !



BUT I'LL BE OUT MUCH SOONER THAN YOU THINK !

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT GOTHAM PENITENTIARY --

WELL, PENGUIN -- HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HOME AGAIN ?

TERRIBLE ! BUT WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T BEGIN TO ROAM AGAIN .



-- TO BE DOGGED BY SUCH ILL-FORTUNE ! HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME TO STEAL THE VAN LANDORPPI EMERALD ! THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME -- THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN !



HA-HA! HO-HO-HO! LOOK WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SHARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!

HUH? WHY THIS RAUCOUS OUT-BURST OF MIRTH, MY LAUGHING HYENA?

THOSE SPINE-CHILLING CHUCKLES! THAT SATANIC VOICE! WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THEM BEFORE?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SHARTEST CROOK IN TOWN -- MY CARD!

THE JOKER! THAT LEERING MONSTER OF MENACE! WHAT STRANGE TWIST OF FATE HAS PLACED HIM IN THE SAME CELL AS THE PENGUIN! WHAT IMPISH IRONY HAS BROUGHT THESE TWINS IN TRANSGRESSION FACE TO FACE! CAN PRISON WALLS CONTAIN THIS COMBINATION OF CRAFT AND CUNNING?

POOF--THE JOKER! I READ HOW BATMAN CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO LIFT THE VAN LANDORPF EMBRALD LAST WEEK. YOU OUGHT TO HIDE YOUR SILLY, GRINNING FACE IN SHAME. I'M THE KING OF CRIME IN THESE PARTS.

IS THAT SO? LISTEN YOU PUFFED CANARY-- IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW IS IT YOU DIDN'T GET THE EMBRALD?

ER--WE WON'T GO INTO THAT, YOU GIGGLING GHOLL! WHY, YOU COULDN'T PICK A BLIND MAN'S POCKET ON A FOGGY NIGHT!

NOW LOOK HERE, YOU UMBRELLA-TOTTING UNDERWORLD UPSTART--THIS TOWN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO OPERATE IN! WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE WHO GOES AND WHO STAYS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE CONTEST? WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE VAN LANDORPF EMBRALD--SHALL WE SAY THAT WHOEVER GETS IT FIRST WINS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE GOTHAM CITY TERRITORY?

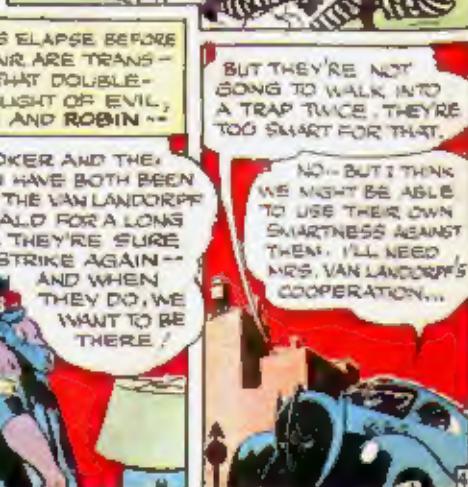
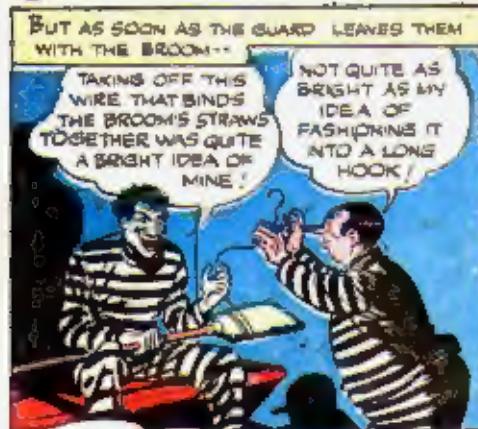
LATER, THE TWO KINGS OF CRIME BEGUN A FEARFUL CLAMOR IN THE CELL BLOCK...

WE DEMAND A CLEAN CELL! THIS PLACE IS A RIG-STY!

THE FLOOR HASN'T BEEN SWEEPED IN A MONTH!

IF YOU NOSEY STIR-NUTS WANT A CLEAN CELL, TRY CLEANING IT YOURSELF!

THE SERVICE IN THIS JAIL IS WORSE THAN ALL THE OTHERS I'VE EVER BEEN IN!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE VAN LANDORFF HOME...

-- AND SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO APPEAR AT THE RITZ FASHION SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AS AMERICA'S BEST TAILORED WOMAN, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D GET THIS NOTICE INTO THE SOCIETY COLUMNS TOMORROW...

NATURALLY, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THOSE TWO AWFUL MEN, BATMAN!

-- OH, YOU WANT ME TO SAY THAT I'LL BE WEARING THE EMERALD TOMORROW NIGHT? BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY...

I QUITE UNDERSTAND I INSERTED THAT DELIBERATELY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WEAR THE EMERALD. ROBIN AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



YOU MAY BE SURE I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE THE NOTICE INSERTED. AND I LEAVE THE EMERALD IN YOUR CARE. I DO HOPE IT WILL BE SAFE!

IT WILL BE NEVER FEAR!



I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING DULLER THAN A FASHION SHOW, BUT I'M WILLING TO GO AS LONG AS YOU EXPECT TO LURE THE PENGUIN AND THE JOKER THERE!

YOU'RE WRONG, ROBIN--WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE FASHION SHOW!



YOU SEE, THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN ARE MUCH TOO CLEVER TO BE FOOLED BY THAT NOTICE. THEY'LL SMELL A TRAP IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO. MY IDEA IS TO USE THEIR OWN CLEVERNESS AGAINST THEM!



LET'S PAY A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WILY PENGUIN AS HE SCANS THE PAPERS ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

HMM... HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN. JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

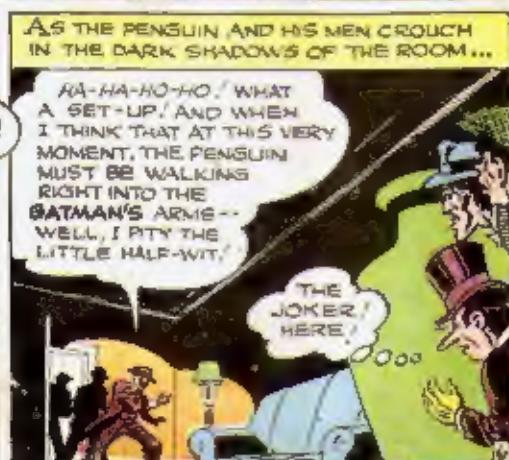
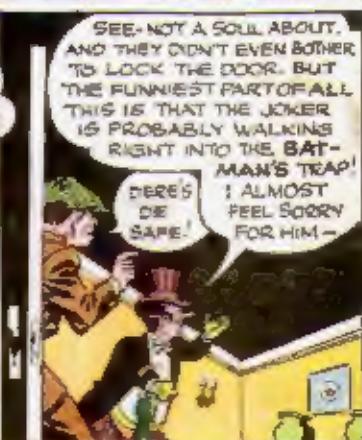
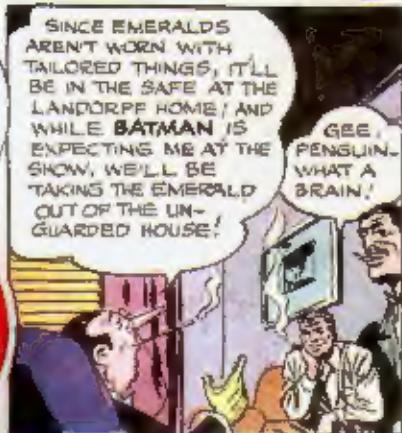
LET'S SEE, BOSS. TEAR IT OUT! OUT!



...and Mrs. Van Landorff will appear at the fashion show wearing an elegant suit of very tweed, but should certainly justify her title of "America's Best Tailored Woman." She also has famous eyes and, for the occasion...

DE EMERALD! I GUESS WE GO TO THE FASHION SHOW, BOSS!





THE JOKER'S SEARING REFERENCES ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE VAINGLORIOUS PENGUIN --



HOT INSULTS IGNITE GLOWING TEMPERS AND IN A MERE MATTER OF SECONDS --



BUT WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, TWO CAPED FIGURES SUDDENLY ENTER THE FRAY --

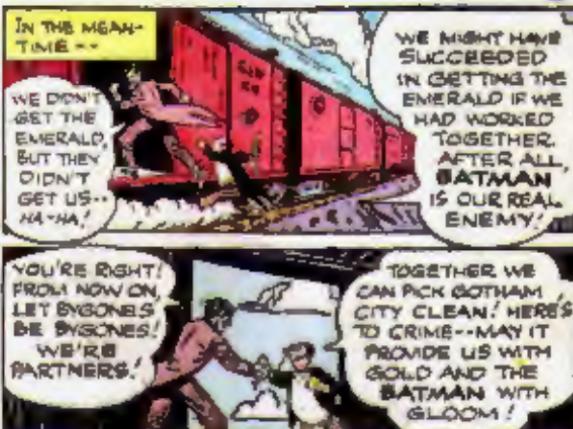
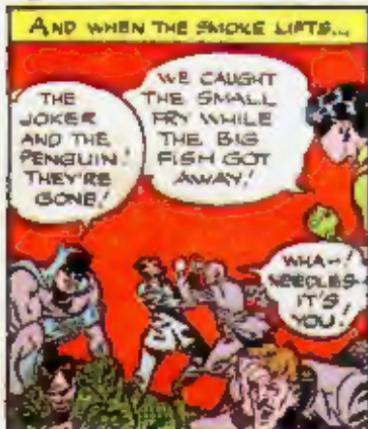


THIS TIME THE JOKE'S ON YOU, JOKER!

MY UMBRELLA'S ALWAYS READY TO MAKE BATMAN UNSTEADY!



BATMAN



SO IS BORN A PERNICIOUS PARTNERSHIP UNITING THE JOCKULAR GENIUS OF THE JOKER WITH THE PREDATORY PROFICIENCY OF THE PENGUIN. AND NOT MANY HOURS PASS BEFORE THIS UNHOLY UNION OF MASTERMINDS STRIKES WITH SWIFT, EVIL EFFICIENCY!

THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE ON THE EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THOSE TWO ARE RUNNING WILD, BRUCE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

TO BEGIN WITH--WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS AFTERNOON! HE NEEDS MORAL SUPPORT--ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM...

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

...AND MY MEN ARE ABSOLUTELY STYMIED IN SPITE OF DOUBLE PATROLS EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE TOO WISE TO FALL FOR ANOTHER TRAP. WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND HUNT FOR THEM!



MEANWHILE, JUST ACROSS THE STREET, A VAGUELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HAWKS BALLOONS. WHY--IT'S THE PENGUIN HIMSELF!

TOY BALLOONS:
ONLY TEN CENTS!

AN--
HERE
THEY
COME!

WERE SUPPOSED
TO DELIVER THIS
AROUND THE CORNER... I DON'T
KNOW WHY THEY
NEED AN EXTRA
GUARD.

YOU
KNOW
HOW IT
IS--A
\$50,000
PAY-
ROLL--

THANK YOU, KIND
SIR--AND FAREWELL!

THE JOKER
HAD THIS ALL FIGURED
OUT TO A T--I MUST
ADMIT--BUT IT TOOK
ME TO CARRY
IT THROUGH!

WHY--!

AS THE BALLOONS STREAK SKYWARD
THE WIND CARRIES THE PENGUIN PAST
COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WINDOW -

WHOO - 'BATMAN -
LOOK'

THE PENGUIN
I'D RECOGNIZE
HIM ANYWHERE!

TWO CAPE FIGURES MAKE A DESPERATE
PLUNGE --

MAYBE OUR
COMBINED WEIGHT
BRING HIM DOWN!

ETHER
THAT - OR WE GO
ALONG FOR THE
RIDE!

ULP!
STOMACHACHE!

YOU'VE SLOWED ME UP, BUT
YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME DOWN
AND WHEN WE DO LAND --
THERE'LL BE A NICE SUR-
PRISE FOR YOU - IF THE
WIND STAYS RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE
THE WAY HE
SAYS THAT!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW
WE CAN'T LET GO!

ON A HIGHWAY SEVERAL MILES
AWAY - THE PENGUIN'S JOCKING
PARTNER --

HERE HE COMES NOW! WHOO -
HE HAS BATMAN AND ROBIN
WITH HIM. GET THE NET READY,
BOYS - AND
PREPARE FOR
ACTION!

WE'RE
AHOI,
GOT IT

THE BACK OF A SHOT-GUN FROM
BELOW, AND --

AH - MY
PARTNER'S
ON THE JOB!

WHOOMP
HERE I
COME --
WITH THE
BOODLE
AND THE
BATMAN!

HAAA - SO THEY TRIED TO
HAB YOU AND WE NABBED
THEM! QUICK -- LET'S GET
THEM TO THE HIDEOUT

IF THE
PENGUIN
LANDS
SAFELY --
SO WILL WE!

WE'RE
FALLING!

Thump!

THEY REALLY DID
ME A FAVOR! THERE
WAS TOO MUCH GAS IN
THE BALLOONS AND
WITHOUT THEIR HOLD-
ING ON, I'D HAVE
RISEN OUT OF SHOT-
GUN RANGE

NOW THAT WE'VE CAUGHT THEM, THE THING TO DO IS FINISH THEM OFF IN A PITYING MANNER. HOW ABOUT THE WATER TREATMENT A DROP AT A TIME ON THE FOREHEAD TILL THEY GO MAD?

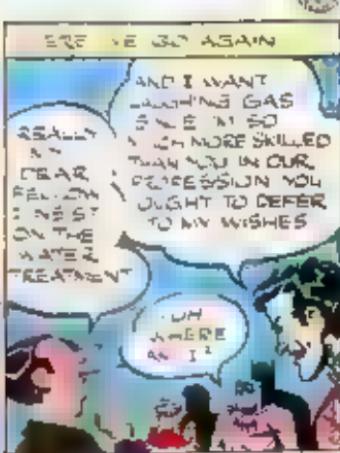
LATER AT
ROGUE'S ROOST
THE PALACE
SANCTUARY
OF THE SINISTER
PAIR.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

AND I WANT LAUGHING GAS SILENT SO I AM MORE SKILLED THAN YOU IN OUR CONFESSION YOU OUGHT TO DEFER TO MY WISHES

REALLY AN DEAR FELLOW I REST ON THE WATER TREATMENT

UH WHERE AM I?



YOU A BETTER CROOK THAN ME? WHY YOU CHORTLING CHUMPF IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME YOU'D BE IN THE CLINK NOW.

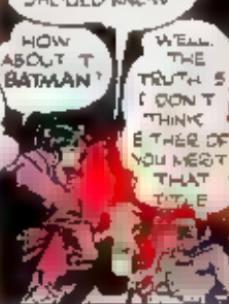
ALL RIGHT - LET'S ASK THE BATMAN WHICH OF US HE THINKS IS THE SMARTEST CROOK IN GOTHAM. HE SHOULD KNOW.

AND IF I WEREN'T YOUR PARTNER YOU FOUL-FEATHERED Fowl, YOU'D PROBABLY BE SNATCHING PURSES FROM OLD LADIES!

HOW ABOUT T BATMAN?

WELL, THE TRUTH IS I DON'T THINK EITHER OF YOU MERT THAT TITLE.

THERE WAS ONCE A CROOK NAMED STUTTERING SAM WHO COULD SHOOT AN OBJECT OUT OF THE SIDE OF ONE OF THESE LUGGAGE OFF HIS HEAD AT FIFTY YARDS. YOU'RE JUST A COUPLE OF MUGGS I CAN TALK TO HIM.



IS THAT ALL HE COULD DO? WATCH ME!

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU EAT YOUR WORDS, BATMAN!



I'LL KNOCK THIS OFF YOUR HEAD AT FIFTY FEET FROM THE HIP

I'LL KNOCK THIS OFF YOUR HEAD AT FIFTY FEET FROM THE HIP

I'LL KNOCK THIS OFF YOUR HEAD AT FIFTY FEET FROM THE HIP

I HOPE THEY'RE AS GOOD AS I THINK THEY ARE --

44

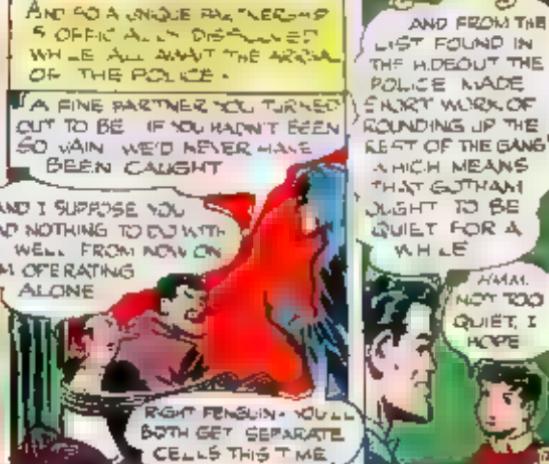


AS THE BOASTING BANDITS SWINGER FORWARD, THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SAW HIS BONDS WITH A JAGGED SPLINTER OF THE SHATTERED VASE!



LISTEN--WE'LL BE ARGUING ALL DAY! I'M IN FAVOR OF A COMPROMISE. NO LAUGHING GAS--NO WATER TREATMENT. LET'S FINISH THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY!





LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



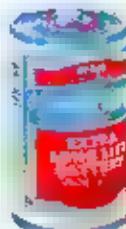
"I'm sorry, Sir!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it." Does the plugging job of sending the war man to man against the enemy.

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying - No Eveready flashlight has ever yet. But our Armed Forces and all war industries are using the expendable batteries as at the remarkable nearly one-half take.

* The U. S. Readiness Index is determined by the American Economic Association.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER →
look for the date line



EVEREADY
EXTRA DURABLE



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

ROB
KANE



WHATEVER HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN THE
ETERNAL SANDS OF THE DESERT SHALL BE BLOWN
AWAY EVEN AS CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND BUT AMONG THE
SONS OF THE PROPHET THIS TALE SHALL BE ALWAYS REMEMBERED -
OF HOW THERE WENT FORTH TO THE WEST ONE OF BLACK HEART AND EVIL KING
TO DESTROY HIM ORDAINED TO BE A LEADER AMONG HIS PEOPLE AND HOW A
MAN AND A BOY KNOWN UNTO ALL AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN DID
RISE AND SAVIOR THE YANKEE ONE RESTORING UNTO THE PEOPLE OF
THE DESERT THEIR JUST AND RIGHTEFUL RULER.
"THE SHEIK OF GOTHAM CITY!"

SEAT YOURSELF ON THE MAGIC CARPET FOR WE ARE GOING ON A FAR JOURNEY TO A FABULOUS LAND HIGH OVER THE GLITTERING SEA WE SAIL AND SOON - WE ARE PASSING THE GLEANING SPIKES OF ANCIENT BABYLON AT LAST WE HOVER OVER A TINY OASIS IN THE ARABIAN DESERT DOWN FLUTTERS THE MAGIC CARPET WE ARE BEFORE THE TENT OF THE WISE MAN, ALI KA-BADA

T'S THE HOUR OF NOON O'WE MAN AND YOU PROMISED TO TELL US A STORY

MY WORD SHALL BE EVEN AS THE WORD OF THE PROPHET BE SEATED AND ATTEND ME WELL.



THIS IS NOT AS HAS BEEN MY CUSTOM, A TALE OF LONG AGO, BUT ONE OF ONLY YESTERDAY IT CONCERN'S ITSELF WITH SIDI BEN HASSEN THE SHEIKH OF OUR TRIBE, AND HOW HE CAME UNTO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE

OFTEN DID I HEAR MY FATHER SPEAK OF SUCH A TALE BUT NEVER DID I LEARN

IT TAKES US ACROSS THE GREAT SEA TO A VAST CITY WHERE THE SYMBOL OF THE FLYING BAT, THE EYES OF THE NIGHT, KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL AGAINST THE DEPRIVATIONS OF EVIL...



NOT MANY MOONS AGO, A TRIBESMAN RETURNING FROM THE DISTANT SEA-COAST, SPURRED HIS CAMEL ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT TOWARD OUR OASIS AND BURST INTO THE TENT OF THE FORMER SHEIKH OMAR EL KOBRA, HE OF THE EV'L NAME

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET WHAT MEANS THIS UNSEEMLY MASTERS?

I BRING NEWS TERRIBLE NEWS



WHILE PURCHASING SUPPLIES I CAME UPON THIS AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN THE TOWN. I OBTAINED IT FROM A FOREIGN SOLDIER TWAS FORTUNATE THAT I KNOW ENGLISH READ

WELL THE ITEM I HAVE MARKED IN PENCIL





WHERE HE MUST NOW BE
BIDING HIS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE
TO ASSUME HIS RIGHTEOUS PLACE
SO LONG AS HE LIVES. I CANNOT
SLEEP SOUND. WE MUST BE RID OF
HIM EVEN IF IT MEANS A VOYAGE
TO AMERICA.



AND SIDI WITH
THE NEW MOON
OUR TALE LEADS
TO DISTANT
GOTHAM WHOSE
TOPLESS TOWERS
BRUSH THE SKIES
AND WHOSE DWELLERS
ARE NUMBERED EVEN AS
THE DESERT SANDS. HERE
IN EXILE
LIVED THE TRUE
SHEIK, SIDI
BEN HASSEN.



"ONE DAY AS SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS
DRIVING HIS CAB IN SEARCH OF A
FARE . . .



BATMAN

"AND THE BATMAN IT WAS THAT CAPE FIGURE OF SINISTER MENACE FOR ALL THOSE WHO DARED DEFY THE LAW."

"WE'VE GOT THEM NOW, ROBIN!"

"KEEP LOW, ROBIN! THOSE GORILLAS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT! WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM IN A BLOCK OR SO."

"LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ALL ES THERE'S A CAB PULLING AWAY FROM THE CURB WITH A COP ON THE RUNNING BOARD."

"ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS--THROW OUT YOUR GATS!"

"GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!"

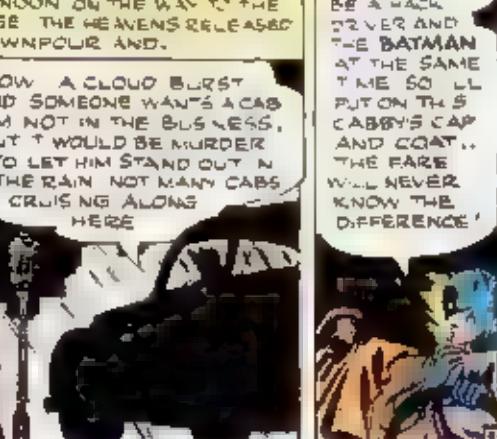
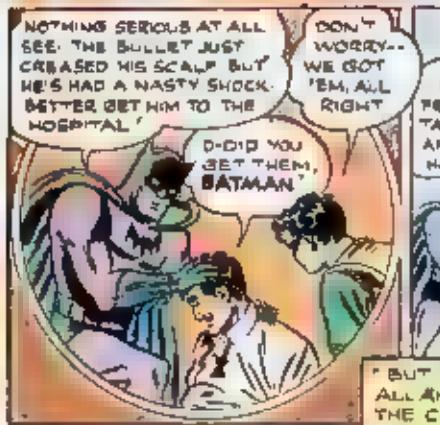
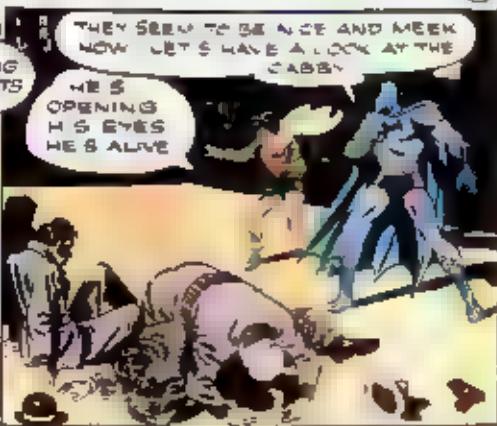
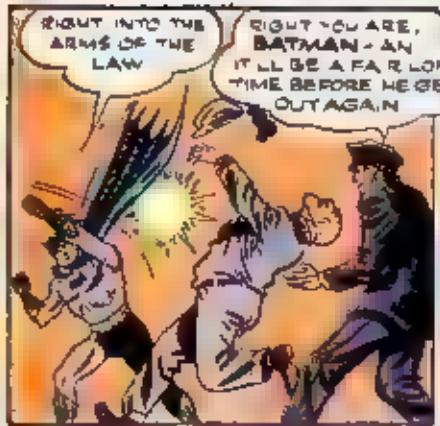
"NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT SIDI BEN HASSEN SAT IDLY BY IN THE PRESENCE OF LAW BREAKERS. AAGH!"

"OKAY, COPPIE--BLOW BEFORE I MAKES YA EAT YER BADGE!"

"YOU ROTTEN KILLER!"

"I GUESS I'M SLIPPING BUT DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU."

BATMAN





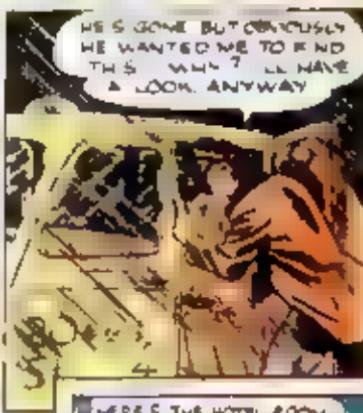
"THE GREEN EYED BATMAN THEN
MADE UP A FAMILIAR ALIAS ON THE
PART OF THE STRANGER."



WHERE YOU ARE
S.E.

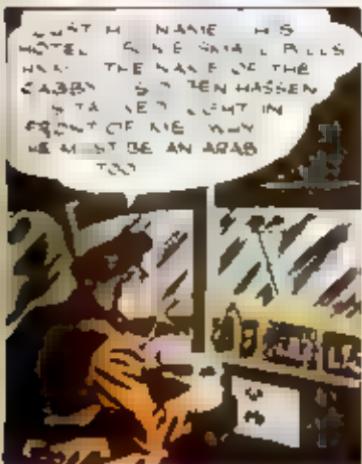
HE IS LEANING T
AL C. I WELL
L II KEEPS TH
PLAYING GAMES

HE'S GONE BUT CONSCIOUS
HE WANTED ME TO FIND
THIS WHY? I'LL HAVE
A LOOK ANYWAY



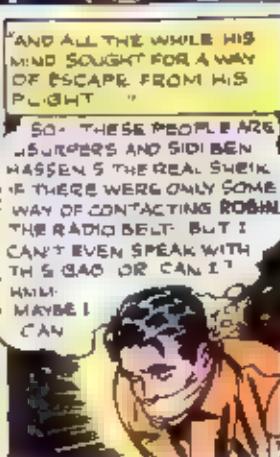
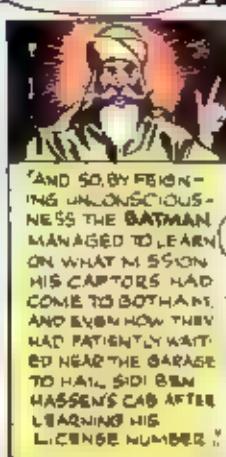
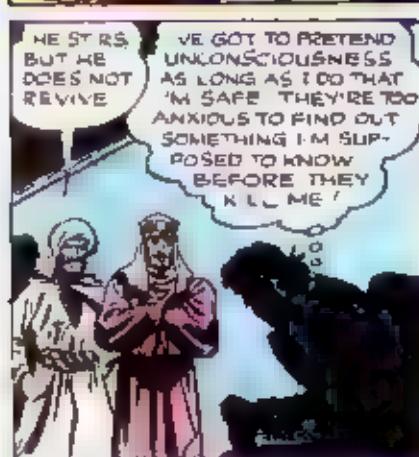
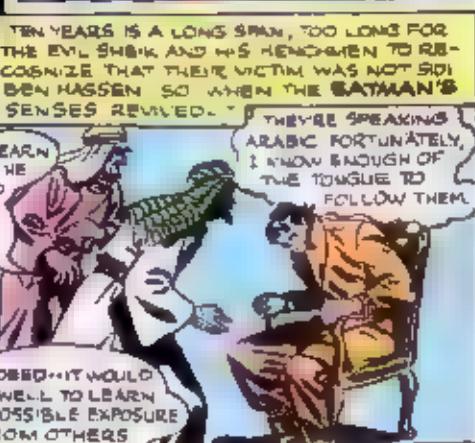
WHAT HIS NAME IS
HOTEL IS THE GRAND HOTEL
HAD THE NAME OF THE
CABBY IS TEN HASSER
WTA SET ALIGHT IN
FRONT OF ME WHY
HE MUST BE AN ARAB
TOO

LOCATES A PLAT N
1775 IN BRAZOS BUT IT
WASN'T ADDED UP TIL
HE WANTED THE ABILITY TO
FIND THE WALLET AND
RETURN IT. HE JUST
KNOW WASSEN TO POINT
IN HIS HOUSE & WELL
FOR A PAPER OF
TAX FINFO AND BE SO
HE HAD TO ENLIST THE
AUXILIARY.



HERE'S THE HOTEL ROOM
SWANLY THE PENTHOUSE
APARTMENT HE WOULDN'T HAVE
GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HER IN
THE PARK LAB BUT FOR
HE KNOWS HASSEN
I WANT HER AGAIN
WITH THAT ANGRY
HIS SET FOR A FEW
POSSIBLE





WE MOVED HIS HANDS
INTO IT - OVER AND
AWAKEN TO NONE
FOEM OF DEL RUMI
WE MAY HAVE
PAY ENGLE

CAN AN INFILATE
THE BE T THRO GM
THE ALRET BUT I
THEY EVER LATCH ON

NIN NAM
NIN NAM

LISTEN
HE KNOWS

A CURIOUS
HUMMING
SOUND F
MAN CAN SO, THE
BELT APPEARS
OUT OF ORDER

NO NO L4 EN TV
A SONG THE BAT-
MAN'S HUMMING A
SONG BUT WHAT? HE
HAPPY HE'S BEING
WATCHED CAN'T
SPEAK

460 VERTA NUN
STRESS = FULL
DUN FAKE TRANS
= TO HA NIGHT
IVE HA WAY THERE
MAY BE THE KNE OF
MESSAGE = IF SONG
= L4 EN = THE
PRISONER LONG
NOISE THAT IS
HE'S TRYING TO LET ME
KNOW HE'S PRISONER
BUT WHERE?

NOED NAMESTER ROBIN
IT MIGHT BE SO. AH THE
LONG HAS CHANGED! I
KNOW THIS ONE THERE'S
A SMALL HOTEL--

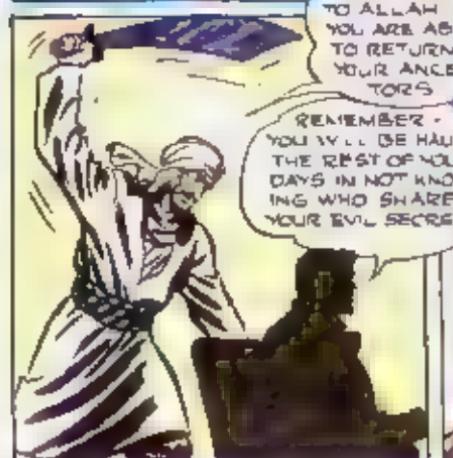
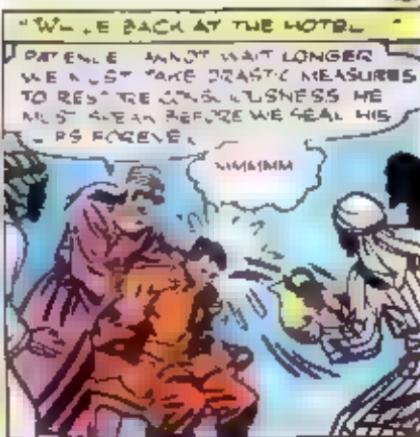
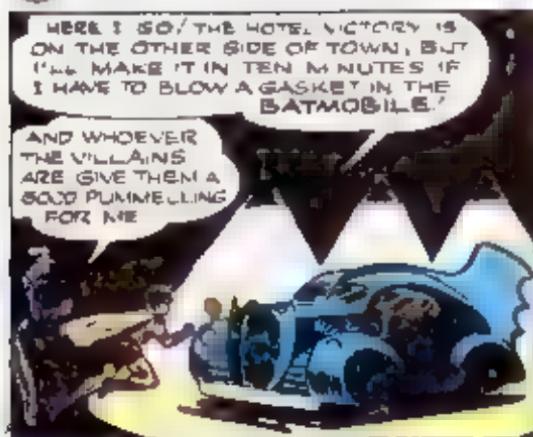
A HOTEL HES
NA HOTEL NOW LISTEN
TS CHANGED AGAIN THE
BEGINNING OF BEETHOVEN'S
FIFTH SYMPHONY

HOW WHAT
IN THE WORLD
CAN THAT MEANT?
FOR WE HAVE
BEEN ON THE
WRONG TRACK

STAN ED A THE
WORD HE BEEN
TO HAVE STRUCK
A BLIND ALLEY
WE LOST THE
COTE

OPEN THAT'S A CODE
THE BEGINNING OF THE SYMPHONY
= D P E F P T A NOSE CODE
FOR V V FOR VICTORY THE
HOTEL VICTORY THAT =
WHERE HE'S







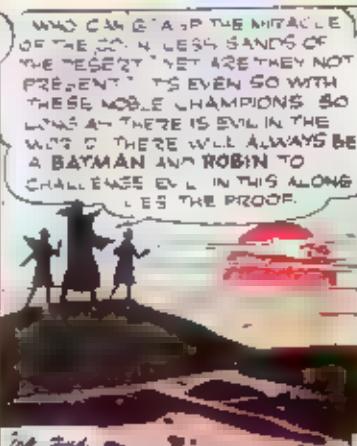


"AND WITH THE CRUSHING OF THE EVIL USURPER, THE CRUSADING CHAMPIONS MADE HASTE TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO SIDI BEN HASSEN AS HE LAY IN HIS HOSPITAL BED."

"ALAS HOW CAN MERE WORDS OFFER THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED MY NAME AND MY PEOPLE!"

"NEVER MIND THAT. HURRY AND GET WELL. YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE NEEDING YOU."

"AND SO IT WAS THAT BATMAN THE BRAVE MAN SIDI BEN HASSAN WAS EVERLASTINGLY RESTORED TO HIS PLACE FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT. BUT IN AMONGST MEN THERE AREN'T TRUTH, HONOR, OR FAIRNESS. THERE ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN."

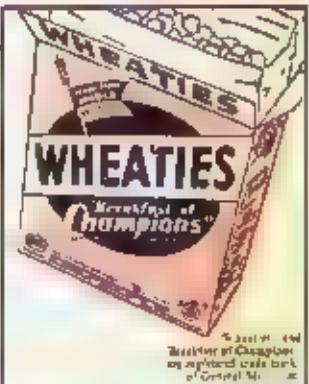




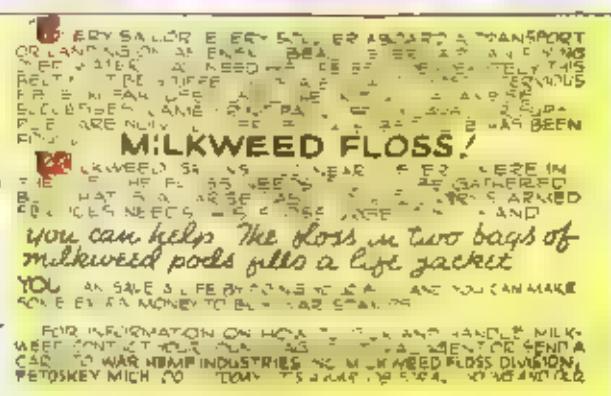
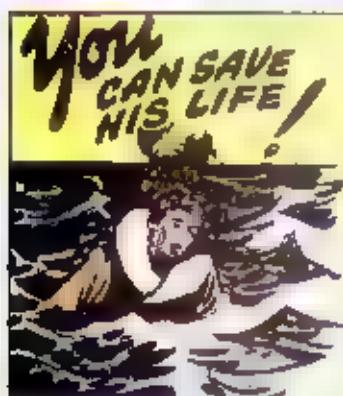
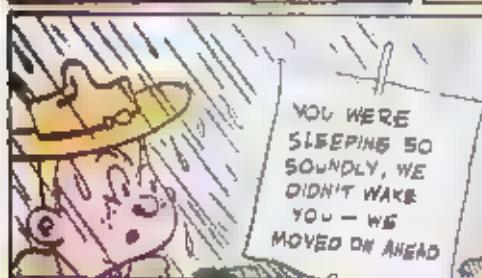
YOU'RE JOINING UP WITH MILLIONS OF HUNGRY CUSTOMERS...INCLUDING SOME OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD...WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU'RE JOINING IN SOME MIGHTY SWELL EATING, TOO. WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT ROASTED AND TOASTED TO NUT-SWEET GOODNESS AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY MALT SYRUP. WHEN THIS BLEND OF DELICIOUS TASTES GETS TO WORK ON YOUR APPETITE YOU JUST GOTTA HAVE MORE...AND MORE...WHEATIES.

YOU'LL WANT WHEATIES OFTEN. EVERY MORNING...FOR BREAKFAST SOMETIMES...FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER OFTEN...FOR SNACKS SO PUT IN YOUR Bid FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



**BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

by Stan Carter

MVNHEER VAN DER CAMP wiped his perspiring face and stood before the Japanese Colonel. Outside, Van Dercamp was conscious of the hostile eyes of his own Dutch countrymen as they worked on the new aircraft landing fields the Japs had ordered built. He could almost hear them saying:

"The traitor! The fat traitor! We knew he would work with them."

"Oh yes, it was no secret to Van Dercamp what they were saying about him. "Well, let them say it," he muttered. "They'll find out."

Colonel Isato squinted through his thick-lensed glasses at the perspiring figure before him. The narrowed eyes took in every detail of the fat man's body, and clothing. What clothing it was, too—hanging limply from the ponderous hulk of the Mayor. Isato thought no fat man should be permitted to live in a country as hot as the Dutch East Indies. Take himself now, short and squat—yes, but muscular, and strong as a bull.

Isato studied the expression of distaste that came across his face. This man was to be protected, at least for a while. Tokio had said so. But if he, Isato had his way, this fat Van Dercamp would join a work party or be killed.

Isato said, "Mayor, we are pleased with the work you have done. You have made it possible for us to take this town and its oil wells without loss of our glorious lives. Or destruction of what is rightfully our property."

Van Dercamp wiped his face again. "I am pleased, Honorable Colonel, to hear such words from so great a conqueror. In my humble way, I have only tried to be helpful." He watched Isato's face narrowly, and was rewarded with a flicker of pleasure.

ure.

Colonel Isato toyed with the revolver on his desk.

"I understand," he said, without raising his head. "that your people consider you a traitor."

Van Dercamp winced. "It's only that they—" he explained lamely.

"do not understand," Isato added. "But we do. It is not often we run across a white man wise enough to know our great strength. You were wise in ordering your police to quell the rebellion that must surely have started."

A smile creased the folds in Van Dercamp's face. "What could they do, Honorable Colonel," he said, "being that my police rounded up every privately owned weapon in town?" He smiled again. "And they knew better than to argue with my machine guns." He indicated the window. "At least they are alive. And working for greater glory."

"Good," Isato's face expressed his satisfaction. "I am sure I need not remind you that had the scorched earth policy been applied by your people, and our valuable oil wells destroyed, we would have killed everyone in town."

"No, Honorable Colonel," Van Dercamp said, shuddering perceptibly. "You need not remind me." His face betrayed his eagerness. "If there is anything I can do further—"

"There is nothing, you may go."

The huge man stumbled across the floor and pushed himself out of the room. Colonel Isato watched his slow progress, then returned to his reflections. This hulk of a beast would be useful. Very useful. Then, when the airport was completed and the promised fighter planes and bombers arrived, well—there

could be an accidental death. "In fact," Colonel Isato mused. "There might be a lot of them." He was thinking of Van Dercamp's police, who alone remained alive to the Mayor. There were twelve of them. And in Isato's desk were their names. They

"Well, what's the matter?"

White-faced and trembling, Van Dercamp stood in the doorway. His huge body shook, as though he had been taken down with the ague. In his hand was a knife. And his hat. There was a huge slit in the hat, where the bullet had entered.

"Someone threw it," he gasped. "One of my own countrymen tried to kill me. I...I..."

Rage clouded Isato's face. Who was it?" he roared.

"I—I don't know. There are so many of them out there. I was walking by when this bullet whistled through the air. I...I...stepped away just in time." Van Dercamp's eyes rolled in terror. "I must have protection," he babbled. "Your agents promised me protection if I would help. I have done my part."

Silence!" Isato banged his fist on the desk. If only this work weren't so important. Not a man, woman or child could be spared from their tasks. It would serve these beasts right to be lined up before a firing squad. But that airport must be completed by the civilians. There was still much fighting to be done, and his men needed rest and relaxation.

"I could only sleep here," Van Dercamp pleaded. "Otherwise they'll kill me in my sleep. I know they will."

"You fool," Isato fumed. "Shut up." He stopped. Perhaps that was not a bad idea. Let the fat beast have the room in the kitchen at night. There he would be safe. And until

the orders came through to liquidate him—or that accident happened—what harm could come of it? After all, this pig did know the strange ways of these Dutch. And he was the law.

"Very well," he said. "You may sleep here at night. But stay out of my way. In the day time, one of my own police shall guard you. And I'll issue an order saying that one more attempt on your person will result in the death of many. That will stop them." He pushed his revolver toward Van Dercamp. "Here, take this."

Van Dercamp held back. "I—I—beg your pardon, Honorable Colonel. But I am afraid of firearms."

Isato's eyes glinted. So the fool was a bigger coward than he had at first thought. "Take it," he said. "I order it."

Gingerly, Van Dercamp picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket. The next moment, a Japanese secret policeman entered.

"Nomu wil watch you," Isato said. "And not let you out of his sight during daylight hours. Now get about your business."

Outside, Van Dercamp shambled along the street. Behind him the little man trotted. Hostile eyes looked upon both of them as they went toward the Town Hall, where, for ten years, Van Dercamp had administered the affairs of the town. Not a single person spoke to him, and if he caught the eyes of one of the citizens, those eyes were instantly lowered. Contempt was in all of them.

Sole in his office, Van Dercamp pushed his ponderous frame into a chair. His Chief of Police Rumann was at the other desk. Rumann's eyes noted the consternation on Van Dercamp's face, then flicked to the bodyguard.

They tried to kill me, Mr. Rumann," Van Dercamp whined. "My own people."

What? Why the disgruntled? "Rumann cried. They don't know what you have done for them. Why don't you let me tell them?" His eyes nar-

rowed. "In my own way."

The bodyguard interrupted. "We are able to handle any situation," he said. "The Mayor is quite safe. He dropped onto a chair and lit a cigarette. "Tonight the strip will be finished. And when our planes arrive in the morning we will take appropriate action." A cruel smile hovered over his lips. "Very appropriate."

Van Dercamp's eyes met Rumann's, then dropped. "You will not let them hurt me?" he pleaded. "Promise."

The bodyguard looked at Van Dercamp disdainingly and turned his head. He wouldn't even bother replying to a coward.

And such a town! Now he decided, as the day finally ended, and, with nightfall, his vigilance. Nevertheless, he hung around until Van Dercamp was safely stowed away in the small room behind the kitchen. He was still shaking when I left, he reported to Colonel Isato. Fear alone will kill him.

Isato laughed. "Perhaps we will help things along tomorrow," he said. "Here is the order to execute all males in town after our planes arrive." He shrugged. "It will be a good jest on the traitorous Mayor to be killed in the lowest room of his fine house." He laughed again. "He is probably sleeping now—the swine!"

In that, Colonel Isato was wrong. Van Dercamp was not sleeping. Nor was he trembling now as, safe in the small room, he replaced the earphones he had hidden in the wall a few months earlier. All through the house were dictaphones that he and his men had planted. He smiled. "So they are going to kill me tomorrow," he mused.

A contented smile played over his face. Well, so far his judgement hadn't been wrong. Everything had played into his hands. He had foreseen that the invader would use his house as headquarters. It was a big, fine house, and well stocked with food and drink. It had remained only to convince Isato of his cowardliness. For an instant, a shadow clouded Van Dercamp's

face. His people who had loved and believed in him these many years, thought him a traitor. But Rumann would fix all that, he'd tell them. Sighing, Van Dercamp settled himself in his chair to await the dawn and the planes. He dozed off.

The drone of the planes' engines increased. He went to the window, watched as the planes flew over to his new nest. The noise of the hearing footfalls of the colonel filled the passage. He moved as if to leave the room. Van Dercamp's eyes did not fail to note that the Colonel's holster was unbuttoned, and that another revolver was in it. "So this is it," he murmured to himself.

Thank Heaven, Isato decided to do the job himself. His voice quavered as he spoke aloud now. He was doing something.

"Nothing. I am surprised to see you up so soon," Isato's voice was dry. "You saw our planes arrive." Triumphantly he said. "With your oil, we shall soon conquer many cities. None can stop us now."

"I can," Van Dercamp said. His voice was firm, vibrant. Isato's eyes clouded with suspicion. His hand went to the hilt.

Van Dercamp's gun spoke and Isato toppled to the floor. Outside, running footsteps sounded along the passageway. Van Dercamp moved swiftly to the wall panel, opened it, and pressed a button.

"For freedom," he whispered. "For freedom."

A terrific explosion shook the air as house and airstrip shattered. Van Dercamp did not hear it, for he was dead. But he knew, just before he died, that Rumann too was carrying out his end of the secret plan they had made months ago when they buried the wells and the house. All—all were destroyed, according to plan.

"He died," Rumann explained later to the astounded Dutch, "that freedom might live."

The Adventures of ALFRED

HALF BUTLER, HALF BLOODHOUND—THAT'S ALFRED, MAJORDOMO TO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON! AND JUST TO PROVE HOW DEEPLY HIS SLEUTHING INSTINCTS ARE ROOTED IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WE GIVE YOU THIS THRILLING STORY OF...

"The MESMERIZED MANHUNTER!"



HAVING SOUGHT VAINLY FOR A CRIME TO SOLVE, ALFRED DECIDES TO END HIS DAY OFF AT A THEATER...

AH WELL - MIGHT AS WELL PRACTICE DETECTING THE TRICKS OF THIS CHARLATAN, MAZZO! I'LL EXERCISE MY BRAIN AND REST MY FEET!



AUTOMATICALLY, THE CASHIER DRAGS THE MONEY-DRAWER...

ONE OUT OF... OH, I FORGOT! CAN'T CHANGE THIS TEN, MISTER!

EMPTY, SHT! WELL, I THINK I HAVE THE CORRECT CHANGE...

BUY WAR BONDS



SO THE PERFORMANCE HAS ALREADY BEGUN

BEG PARDON, MADAME

OUCH! MY CORN!



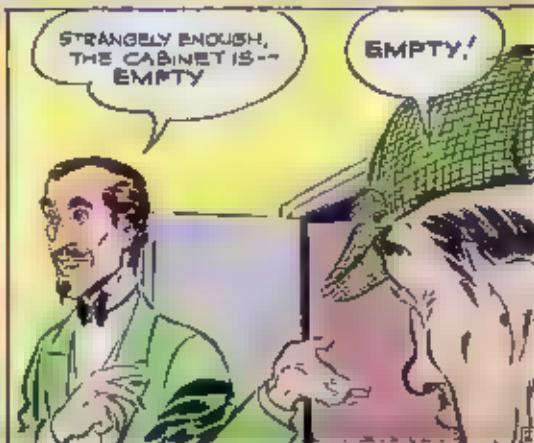
NEVER ONE TO SHirk RESPONSIBILITY OUR HERO RESPONDS TO AN URGENT APPEAL.

WILL SOME INTELLIGENT, WIDE-AWAKE, GENTLEMAN KINDLY STEP TO THE STAGE TO ASSIST ME?

I'M YOUR, MAN, SIR

WHAT AGAIN?





THE KEY WORD STIRS A RECENT MEMORY IN ALFRED'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WHERE THE SHOT HAS ALREADY AWAKENED SLUMBERING SUSPICIONS.



AND DIDN'T MAZZO HIMSELF SAY THAT THIS AMATEUR BLEUTH WAS CAPABLE OF SOLVING CRIMES FROM THE SLENDEREST CLUES?



NO DOUBT THE MONEY WAS STOLEN A GOOD THING ALFRED, NEMESIS O'Criminals, IS PRESENT!



A MOMENT LATER...

TIME TO GET STARTED...

WHO ARE YOU?

A DETECTIVE HUNTING DOWN THE THIEF WHO ROBBED THE CASH DRAWER!

YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M RESISTIN' OUTA HERE!

NO USE DOGGY!



THE COMMOTION BRINGS A POLICEMAN RUSHING TO THE SCENE!

A COP!
HELP, OFFICER! HE'S TRYIN' TO ROB ME!

HE LOOKS LIKE SLEEPY GLIM, THE HIT-AN-RUN PURSE-SNATCHER!



HE'S GOT ME

AND IVE GOT HIM!

ALFRED ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!



ALL IN ALL IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING FOR ALFRED THAT THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE APPEARS AT THIS POINT.

MONEY, MY MONEY! SO THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME LARSON, FOR GIVING YOU A JOB WHEN YOU WERE PAROLED FROM PRISON!

I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK!

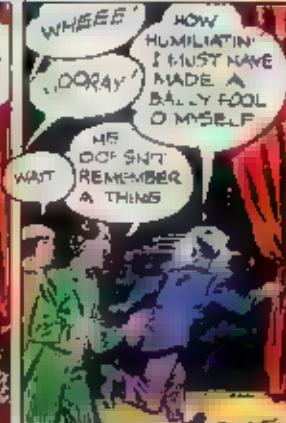
WELL LOCK ME UP AND THROW THE KEY AWAY!

THIS MAN IS HYPNOTIZED, OFFICER! HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE STAGE!

DID YE SAY HYPNOTIZED?



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN UNDER HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, THINKING HIMSELF A DETECTIVE THIS MAN HAS ACTUALLY CAUGHT A THIEF!



AT HOME ALFRED MAINTAINS A DISCREET SILENCE UNTIL NEXT MORNING PAPER ARRIVES

THE HERO WAS A TALL, THIN, MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO SPOKE WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT, MORE A--- HMM. SOUNDS LIKE YOU ALFRED!

OH DEAR I WAS AFRAID OF SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS! MAY I SEE IT, MAMSTER BRUCE?



SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS! NO WONDER THE AUDIENCE WAS CHEERIN' WHEN I AWOKE!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? CATCHING A CROOK WITHOUT EVEN REALIZING IT!



SEEING YOUR PARDON, MAMSTER DICK, THAT MERELY INDICATES THAT WHAT EVER MY MENTAL STATE, I'M A SLEUTH AT HEART AND I GET RESULTS!

HE'S GOT YOU THERE, DICK!



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!



Lovely Linda Granville found her favorite "pick up" when she took the famous cola taste test. After trying leading colas in major cities, she picked the best tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it. 2 full glasses in each 12 oz. bottle.

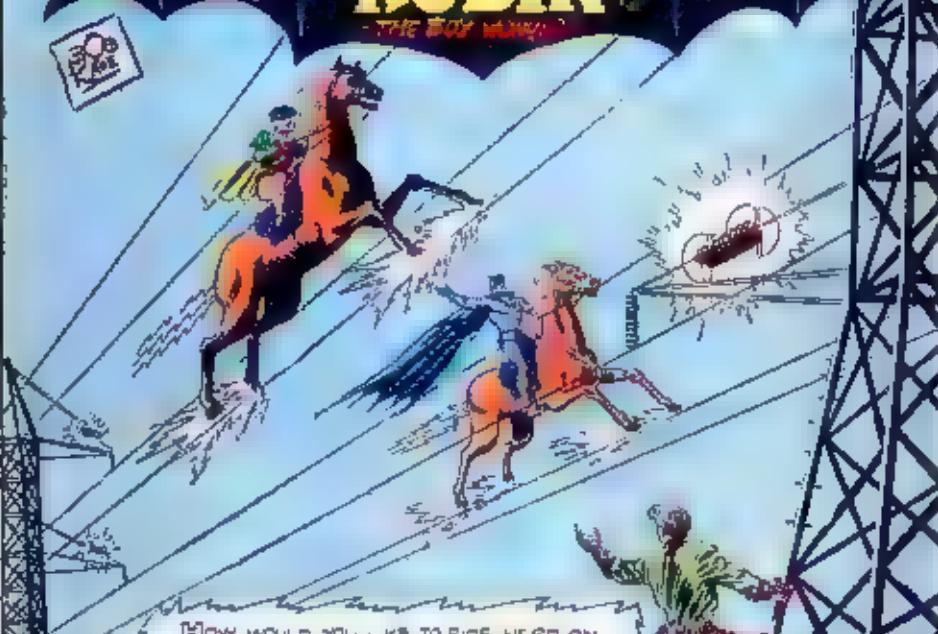
**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**
Bottled by Tull-Trotter



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

THE BOY WONDERS



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE HERD ON TROUBLE AS 2,000,000 HORSES GALLOPED AT YOU? THERE ARE MEN WHO DO JUST THAT EVERY DAY, EVERY WEEK. THE HORSES - 2,000,000 HORSE-POWER ELECTRIC CURRENT. THE MEN - THE MAINTENANCE EXPERTS WHO REPAIR THE POWER LINES THAT SUPPLY ELECTRIC CITY TO THE BIG CITIES. MEN WHO LAUGH AT DANGER, AND DEATH - THESE ARE THE MEN BATMAN AND ROBIN MEET...

"THE KILOWATT COWBOYS!"

WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THIS SCENE BEFORE?

WE'RE BEING PASSED ROBIN!



GOLLY, BATMAN! THAT MEANS A CASE!

AS YOU KNOW, COPPER IS USED IN CABLES. ITS SCARCITY IN WARTIME MAKES IT VERY VALUABLE. BATMAN, SOMEONE IS STEALING OUR COPPER WIRE...

AND YOU WANT US TO INVESTIGATE WHEN DO WE START?

BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE TAKEN ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION...

THIS IS AN IMPULSE OIL CIRCUIT-BREAKER. WHEN IN OPERATION, IT CAN HALT 2,000,000 ELECTRIC HORSE-POWER IN A SPLIT SECOND!

WOW! WHAT A BOMBO-BLASTER!

PRESENTLY... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT'S UP, COMMISSIONER?

MR. CRANE WILL EXPLAIN!

BATMAN, I REPRESENT THE ROCKY DAM LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY! AT PRESENT OUR CREW IS ERECTING A NEW POWER LINE INTO NEW TERRITORY...

NEXT DAY... THE STREAMLINED BATMOBILE APPROACHES MANK'S LATEST STEP FORWARD TOWARD HARNESSED NATURE FOR MANK ND

THERE SHE IS, ROCKY DAM!

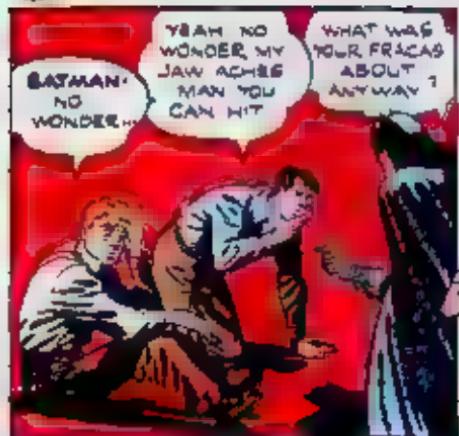
SONGSON! ISN'T THAT SOMETHING?

LATER... THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS ACROSS DESERT WASTELAND WHERE GIANT ELECTRO-CONDUCTING TOWERS REAR HIGH INTO THE BLAZING SKY

THEY'RE AS HIGH AS FIFTEEN-STORY BUILDINGS!

THERE'S THE NEW CONSTRUCTION POINT... BUT THE MEN SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME TROUBLE!





CRANE EXPLAINS TO BATMAN THAT JACK AND ALEC ARE THE BEST TEAM IN THE OUTSKIT.

"THOSE TWO...ENEMIES...WORK TOGETHER...AS A TEAM."

"YES 'BEST MEN WE'VE GOT IN SPITE OF THE FACT THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR YEARS...IT'S QUITE A TALE..."

"IT GOES BACK TO WHEN ALEC WAS A POOR SLUM KID, AND JACK WAS A RICH KID LIVING IN A BIG RIVER FRONT MANSION..."

BUST 'IM ONE!

SMACK 'IM

C'MON YA BISSEY FIGHT

I'LL SHOW YOU SOME BOXING YOU SLUM HOODLUM!

"AND SO IT WENT ON YEAR AFTER YEAR THOSE TWO KIDS HATING EACH OTHER, AND FIGHTING EACH OTHER."

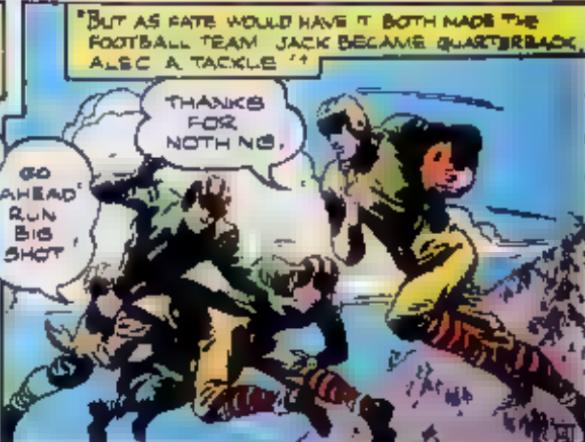
"JUST 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT MONEY OR NOT I CAN'T THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING."

"NOT I CAN'T THINK YOU ANY DAY OF THE WEEK."



"THE YEARS PASSED! ALEC WON A SCHOLARSHIP TO A BIG COLLEGE... THE SAME COLLEGE WHERE JACK WAS ENROLLED..."

"BUT AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT BOTH MADE THE FOOTBALL TEAM JACK BECAME QUARTERBACK, ALEC A TACKLE!"



"JACK CARRIED THE BALL!... ALEC CLEARED THE FIELD FOR HIM!... BUT JACK, THE STAR QUARTERBACK, BECAME THE CELEBRATED HERO AND ALEC AN UNSUNG ONE! SO THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT!"

"ALL-AMERICAN QUARTERBACK! WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?... COOP!"

CARRYING THE BALL STRAIGHT OVER THE GOAL LINE! UGH!

"THE YEARS PASSED. ALEC BECAME A LINEMAN... AND THEN ONE DAY, JACK BECAME PART OF THE CREW."

"YES IT'S ME. MY FOLKS LOST ALL THEIR MONEY, SO NOW I'M WORKING FOR A LIVING."

"DO YOU MIND?"

"I DON'T MIND SO LONG AS YOU KEEP OUT OF MY WAY IN BIG SHOT!"

"THEN, ONE DAY IT HAPPENED! ALEC RAN OFF A TOWER... BROKE SOME RIBS! COULDN'T CLIMB A TOWER AFTER THAT - LOST HIS NERVE ON HEIGHTS!"

"HELP! HELP ME! I'M GOING TO FALL!"

"HOLD ON, ALEC! I'M COMING!"

"SO ALEC BECAME A GROUND GRUNT (THAT'S SLANG FOR LINEMAN'S ASSISTANT)... AND GUESS WHO WAS THE LINEMAN?..."

"FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE JACK'S GRUNT MAN!"

"AND DO A GOOD JOB!"

"NEVER MIND ME. JUST WATCH OUT YOU DON'T TAKE A TUMBLE!"

"MERRIL, BUTTER-FINGERS"

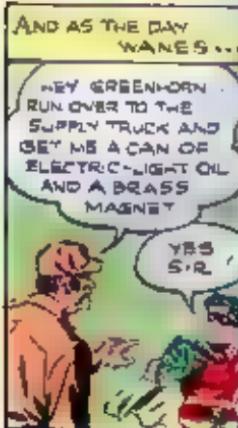
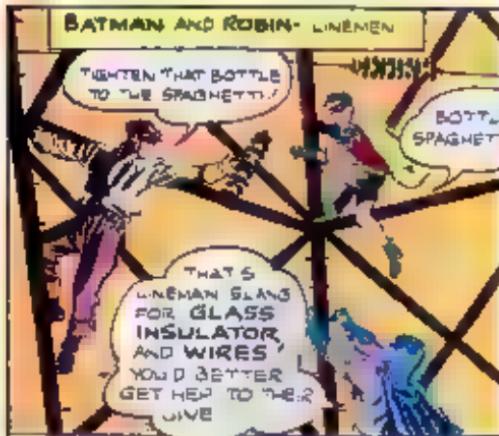
"THANKS.. KNUCKLE-HEAD!"

"SO THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN... JUST LIKE IN FOOTBALL"

"AND STILL ARGUING!"

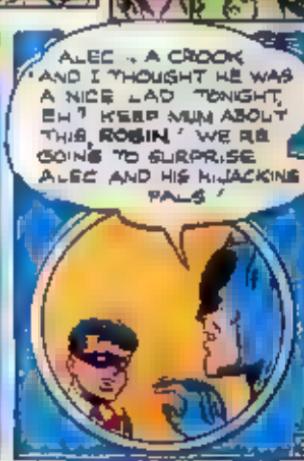
"SAY YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS READY TO TRY ANYTHING - HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK ON ONE OF THOSE TOWERS?"

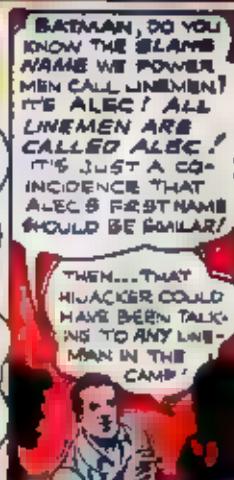
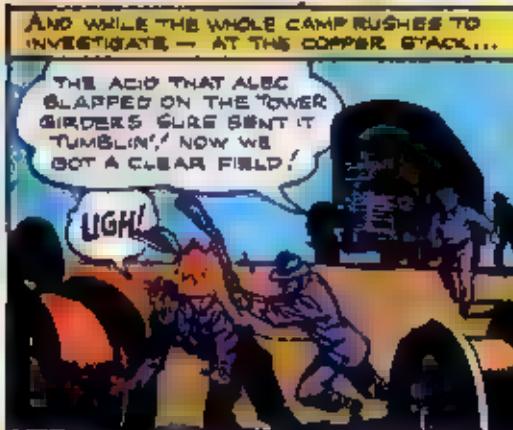
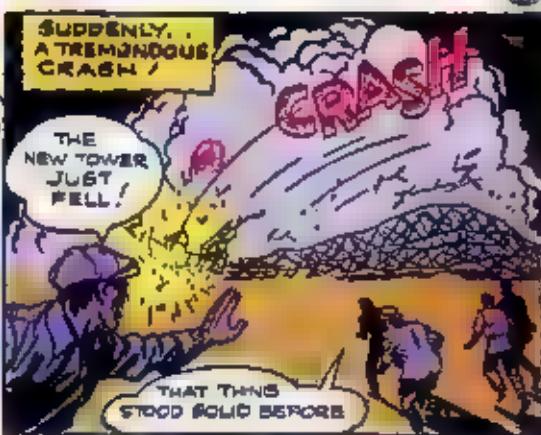
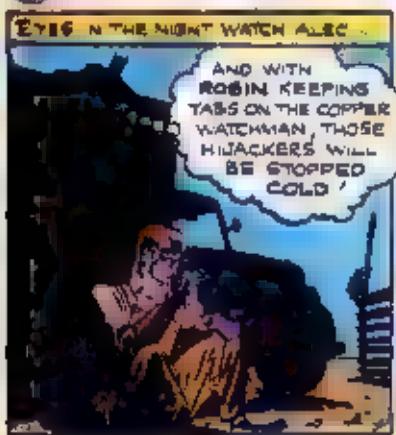
"WHY NOT? WELL I'LL LEARN TROUBLE-SHOOTING WHILE WE INVESTIGATE TROUBLE."



THERE AINT NO SUCH THING AS ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL.. OR A BRASS MAGNET! THEY WAS JUST KIBBINS YOU! THEY DO THAT TO ANY GREEN HAND IN THE POWER GAME!

OH GOLLY.. I BETTER NOT TELL BATMAN ABOUT THIS! I'D NEVER LIVE IT DOWN, BRASS MAGNET, ADAM!





WILL YOU TWO SCRAPPERS FORGET YOUR OWN PERSONAL WAR FOR A WHILE AND HELP ME MAKE WAR ON THOSE HIJACKERS?

OKAY.
UH...
THANKS FOR
THE HELP,
JACK!

DO IT FOR
ANYBODY, SO
DON'T START
GETTING
SENTIMENTAL.

JACK
ALEC SEE
ANYTHNG
YET?

DAWN FINDS THE BATMOBILE STILL PATROLYING THE VAST DESERT...

HOPE / AND I CAN'T MAKE
OUT HOW A BIG TRUCK CAN
DISAPPEAR IN THIS DESERT!

YEAH... WE COULD
SPOT ANY MOVING
OBJECT ON THE
FLATLAND FOR
MILES AROUND!

YES, IT'S PUZZLING BUT NOT TOO PUZZLING, IF ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER! FOR, ONE HOUR BEFORE...

DAWN COMING UP! GET THOSE MIRRORS OUT AND BE SURE YOU COVER EVERY SIDE BUT THE FRONT!

SOME TIME LATER... THE CAR REACHES THE LOOMING MOUNTAIN... TOLLS UP ITS FACE... THEN HALTS...

MOVE,
BRAT!

PUT THE TRUCK AWAY
SLUGGER!

TRICKY
GADGET...

IT'S SURE FLICK!
NOBODY CAN SPOT US 'THERM MIRRORS
MAKE THE TRUCK BLEND RIGHT!

...BUT MAYBE I CAN
PUT A CRIMP IN YOUR
DISAPPEARING ACT!

CRASH!



BUT ROBIN HAS BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE THUGS ALL THE TIME!

GOOD FOR ME THEY DIDN'T SPOT ME PALMING THIS HUNK OF THAT GLASS MIRROR I SMASHED!

THE BATMOBILE! BUT HOW CAN I CALL BATMAN WITHOUT MY RADIO? SAY... THIS PIECE OF MIRROR MIGHT HELP ME AGAIN!

BATMAN 'OVER THERE' FLASHES OF LIGHT

CAVE ... MOUNTAIN ... HIDEOUT... COPPER... CACHE

SEMAPHORE SIGNALS! IT'S ROBIN!

LATER... WHEN THE BATMOBILE HALTS AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN...

NOW WE'LL SHORT-CIRCUIT THOSE HOT SHOTS!

NOT "WE"... ME! THREE OF US WOULD BE SPOTTED BEFORE WE REACHED THE HIDEOUT! MY DARK COSTUME WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE. I'VE GOT TO DO THIS ALONE!

AFTERWARD... AN UNWARY GUARD COZIES OFF IN THE HOT SUN

HEY!!!



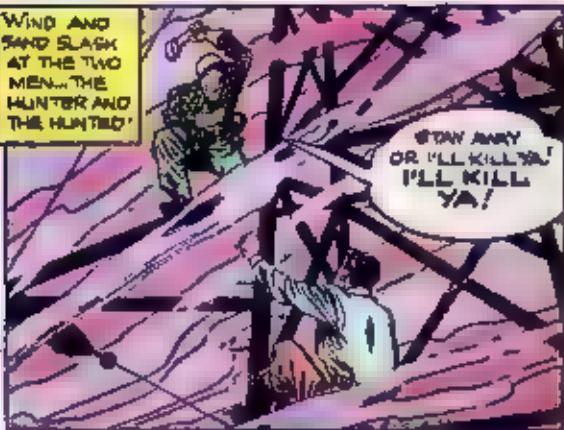


AFTER RELEASING ROBIN, BATMAN QUESTIONS THE QUAILING THUGS...



LATER... HOMeward bound suddenly... THE WIND HOWLS... SAND Rattles AGAINST THE WINDOWS...





AT THAT MOMENT - THE FORCE WHO TEARS AT AN ELECTRIC WIRE AND RIPS IT LOOSE! A WIRE CABLE CARRYING 290,000 VOLTS!



THE LIVE WIRE WHIPS ABOUT MADLY IN THE WIND - AND LASHES AT COYLE. A PLUNGING CRACKLE - THE SMELL OF OZONE - AND COYLE IS ELECTROCUTED.



BUT SOMEONE'S AHEAD OF BATMAN / ALEC -- THE MAN AFRAID OF HEIGHTS



UP UP CLAWING, FIGHTING HIS WAY AGAINST HALKING WIND AND BLINDING SAND. BUT HIS GREATEST FIGHT IS AGAINST FEAR - AND HORRIBLE REMEMBRANCE OF A DAY NOT SO LONG AGO



AT LAST ALEC REACHES JACK... THEN FAULTERS... RUBS HIS EYES...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

SAND IT'S BLINDING HIM! HE CAN'T GET JACK DOWN BY HIMSELF. I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO HIM SOME WAY...

USING A 100 FOOT BOOM CRANE, BATMAN SWINGS OUT, TEAPOSE FASHION...

QUICK! GET JACK AND I'LL GRAB YOU BOTH! HURRY! THAT LIVE WIRE IS WHIPPING BACK OUR WAY!



RESCUE AMONG THE ELEMENTS—AND NONE TOO SOON! AS THEY QUIT THE TOWER, THE LIVE WIRE STRIKES...



LATER... WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES AND JACK RECOVERS...

BATMAN, I HEARD HOW YOU SAVED ALEC AND ME! THANKS.

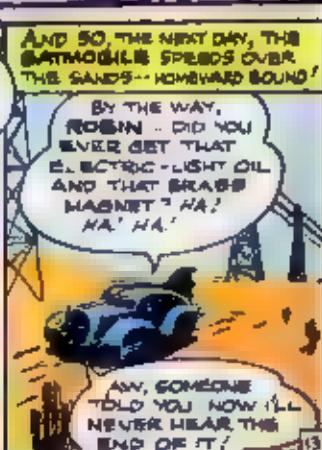
SURE I WAS GETTING TIRED OF SHAKING MY PISTOL AT YOU. I'D RATHER SHAKE YOUR HAND FOR A CHANGE.

ALEC, THEY TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID THAT TOOK NERVE—PLenty OF IT! I... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS OVER THE SANDS—HOMEWARD BOUND!

BY THE WAY, ROBIN—DID YOU EVER GET THAT ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND THAT BRASS MAGNET? HA! HA! HA!

AW, SOMEONE TOLD YOU NOW I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!



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Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

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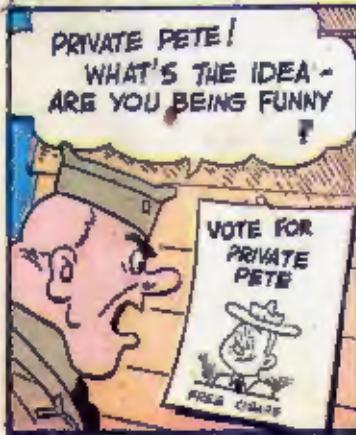
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